### MRS. JEWSBURY ON; CLUBS

Confides in Joseph, and Confesses Joy that the Last Meeting Has Been Held.

Clubs, She Admits, Have Many Drawbacks and Cause a Wearying Strain, but They Offer Some Compensations for the Outlay.

A pleased and contented expression rested on Mrs. Joseph Jewsbury's face, and she hummed a little song as she joined Mr. Jewsbury on the veranda after supper the

other evening. "What is it, Maria?" asked the observent husband as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Things gone your way to-day?" "Not my way in particular. Joseph," replied the lady. "but I went to the Browning class this afternoon, and, thank fortune! it's the last meeting of the last club for the season. Such a relief-you can't imagine! No, you can't realize it, though you do belong to half a dozen clubs and societies and things yourself. Just think! Not a club meeting of any sort on one's mind for four months. Thought I liked them, did you? I den't know why you should have thought that, because I am sure I never said so. Oh, well; perhaps I may have said something of the kind once upon a time, but that was when literary clubs were more of a novelty and I only belonged to one. There was a time, not so very long age, either, that I was not a member of even one organization, and I got along very comfortably, too-but times are changed. The Indianapolis woman who is not in a club is not in the swim, but the trouble is she wants to be on the crest of the intellectual wave all the time, and one club is not enough. I wonder if it is really true that Indianapolis has this fever for organization, litform than other cities. I have heard that it shows in the faces of the women; that they have an alert, eager, restless look and manner peculiar to themselves. That sontely observant gentleman-what's his pame?-from Louisville, whom we met at Professor Johnson's, told Mrs. Johnson that every other woman here looked like an instigator-not aggressive, you know, not that far developed, but just on the "The reason I don't like clubs, Joseph?
Have I said that I didn't like them?

merely assert that they have their drawbacks, and become wearing to the mind. The question that presents itself sometimes is whether the advantages derived are sufficient to offset this wear and tear of the intellectual faculties. Of course, there are advantages. You get to know such nice people-every body who is anybodyand, then, you naturally learn a good many things. When you write a paper it takes a lot of preliminary study and read ing up, and you have such an agreeable sense of improving your mind walle you are doing it. Why, when I was preparing for my paper on 'Petrarch and Laura' for the Woman's Club I found out a lot of things I ought to have known before, but never had known. When I read it the club, too, I had such delightfully superior feeling. It made me appear so literary and erudite, you know. But that is such a transitory sensation, for me, at least. Right here is where one trouble comes in: We women feel it necessary to live up to the reputascholarly programmes give us, and, let me matter. It-makes-me-tired.
"You needn't laugh. I wouldn't breathe

such a thing to a member of any club, but, between you and me, this thing of being always keyed up to the point where you would rather talk books and appear 'advanced' than anything else is what tries my soul. Of course, there are some members in every club-all clubs are alikewho fairly ooze culture from their fintips; they are awfully profound, when they refer familiarly this author and that, whose works ordinary people talk respectfully about but never read, as if they know them by heart, I feel so terribly ignorant that I want to crawl under the table or somewhere out of sight. That is, sometimes feel that way, and again I suspect them of having crammed for special occasions, just as you do for your literary club. Oh, you needn't deny it, Joseph. I've seen you, and you're not the only one. Prof. Johnson does the same for his wife told me so; and so does that doctor friend of yours, that you call the walking encyclopedia. I guess they all do. But you men have the advantage. You can get up and tell what you know with such an air of assurance that people get the impression that you have a mine of information of the same sort in reserve, when you have really told all, and more than you know. There are but few of us women who can do that, and they are the dreadfully bookish ones spoke of. For my part, I simply can't talk. I don't see what you are laughing at, Joseph. In the club, I mean, of course. My tongue gets fairly stiff, my voice sounds so queer and my knees get all of a tremble when I try to say anything. And when I've said it I'm dreadfully afraid every body sees through me and knows that what I've said is absolutely the only thing I know on that subject.

There was the Shakspeare Club picnic the other day. Everybody said
they had a perfectly lovely time. I
believe I said so, too—one has to be
polite, you know: but, confidentially, Joseph, it was not my ideal of a picnic, not—
by—a great—sight. You were wise to have
pressing business on hand that day. A
picnic, to my notion, should be a touchand-go affair, the wit and the recreation
impromptu, and every one should have the
privilege of being utterly frivolous if he privilege of being utterly frivolous if he likes. Who wants to think at a picnic? Who really wants to wind his intellectual works up to the Shakspeare grade and load himself down with an after-dinner speech, or prime himself with appropriate quotations before going to eat an informal luncheon under the June skies? "I'm going to read novels of the lightest sort all summer in order to relieve the pressure. I have a book by the 'Duchess' now, up stairs. I'm not the only one who feels it a strain. The other day, in at Mrs. Johnson's, I picked up 'Bryce's American Commonwealth' from her work-table, and under it was—what do you think!—one of Laura Jean Libbey's novels! She pretended she was going to prepare a paper in moded she was going to prepare a paper in mod-ern fiction and had merely been looking at

this as a sample of one variety, but she got it just to rest her mind. I know she did.
"Why don't I withdraw from some of the clubs? I have thought of it, but I hardly know where to let go. The Browning Class and the Shakspears Club are, of course, really very improving, and their membership is so intellectual that I cannot make up my mind to begin with them. The Woman's Club was the first one I joined, and it is considered such a privilege to belong to it that, honestly, I haven't the moral courage to drop out. It is the same with the Fortnightly and the Katharine Merrill. Then there are the Matinee Musicale and the Woman's Missionary Society. Music and religion are nothing now without an addition of literature. I am on the programme for a missionary paper that will take a month's time to get the facts for. It wouldn't do for me to resign from a church so nety. As a matter of economy I ought to resign from something. I went without a theater bonnet all last winter because I needed the money for club dues."

Mrs. Jewsbury took a long breath here, "And one thing leads to another so. Because I am a member of these various clubs, people who get up things think I am public spirited and philanthropic, and all that, and ought to assist in every sort of affair, so they call on me to join the society for keeping the streets clean, and the other society for educating servant girls, and the other one for providing a place where reduced gentleworms, who are troubled reduced gentlewomen, who are troubled with false pride, can dispose of their handithe Propylann. Ob, that Propylanm! We couldn't no without it, but how it closs

take the women's time." Mrs. Jewsbury drew her breath again. "Where are you going, Joseph?" "There comes Prof. Johnson. We have an appointment with the rest of the com- "There are always more on critical tree of the Gentlemen's Literary Club day," was the noncommittal answer.

me. I see Mrs. Johnson coming, too. She will entertain you." As Mr. Jewsbury stepped into the hall to get his hat he heard this from his neigh-

"My dear Mrs. Jewsbury, I just ran over to tell you that you have been elected to membership in the Parlor Club. Of course. you will get the regular notification, but I couldn't wait to let you know." And this in response from Mrs. Jews-

"How perfectly lovely of you. Mrs. Johnson, to think of proposing my name, as I know you did. It is such a delightful surprise. The Parlor Club is so intellectual and so exclusive that I never thought I should be honored by admission. I am sure I shall enjoy it."

ART IN NEW YORK.

Something About the Bes: Pictures at the Spring Exhibitions-Good Sales.

"If thou know a work of art from a daub of artifice" [Carlyle] seems not to have been the test applied in selecting the jury of admission for the present exhibition at the National Academy of Design, Possibly among the five hundred pictures on the walls there is not an unusual number of bad ones, but these seem larger and more clamorous. On varnishing day it was positively pathetic to see a man near the verge of old age (he writes N. A. after his signaturn), with palette and brushes, scrubbing fra. 'ally into the short, bushy hair of his Amazon in Greek costume. She had caught a tiny cupid by the wing and held him fast, as he stood like a wooden soldier, stiff and stolid, before her. Turning to one of the hanging committee he complained of the light! Near by a stout German lady had mounted the step-ladder and was varnishing for dear life her great picture entered for the woman's prize. Three rosy, robust females, in gauze draperies—"Graces"—grouped themselves about the cradle of a sleeping infant. The mother, ignorant of the apparition, sleeps, with ber head resting on the little spinningwheel; whether the flaming cheeks mean modesty or apology is left to the individual to decide. The happy artist explained that she had painted it all in a month! It later, that these gigantic canvases were only about 36, and 40 by 30, The gem of the exhibition is Mr. E. A.

Bell's "Fire Dreamers." Almost in profile you see two young women, sitting close together, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, which comes just within the picture frame to the left. A ruddy light falls across the floor and over the figures. The wall is hung with tapestry, and beneath is a settee covered with soft green pinsh. The pecullar light is a wonderfully subtle thing to render-firelight with daylight-and Mr. Bell has succeeded admirably. It is "a picture to live with" for harmony and refinement, dignity and beauty. It has just been awarded the second Hallgarten prize of \$1,050. These prizes are "for the three best pictures painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age," amounting to \$800, \$100 and \$100, and are awarded by vote of the exhibitors, fifty being necessary for a vote. For three years the prizes had lapsed, the number necessary for a vote not being present. Astrong effort was made to get a sufficient number ont. Eighty-three were present. It was amusing to hear the pleas urged. "Mr. A has an old father and an invalid sister to support." "If Mr. S. does not get it this year he will be too old." "Oh! don't vote for Mr. X.; he is young; he can wait." "Let's give it to Miss H., not for what she has done, but what she's going to do. It would en-courage ner so!" Mr. Melihenney received the first prize, \$1,150, and Mr. Prelwitz the third, \$200. Mr. McIlhenney immediately sold his picture for \$800. Mr. Bell received an offer for his, but has not decided to sell. Mr. Charles C. Curran received the Clarke prize for the best figure composition, \$300-"The Sirena." There is always retinement and delicacy in Mr. Curran's work, a charming vibration of color, but their prettiness is a little Christmas-cardy. The sirens, a half-dozen nude figures, are seated here and there on the rocks of the foreand middle distance, while stand at the water's edge the extreme distance, waving

the sail far out on the water. The figures are exquisitely drawn and painted, but the rocks certainly look smooth and round as plums, with the color and bloom of plums. This seems very much more comfortable than solid and jagged rocks, and probably should be allowed as artistic license. Mr. Chase's large Shinnecock picture is

one of his happiest successes. It shows a stretch of hills and valley, with clumps of bushes of delicious green. The gray sky stretches beyond. In it is a "divine si-

Cecilia Beaux, of Philadelphia, easily carried off the woman's prize. Her three portraits are masterly. Her prize picture is a lifesize portrait, three-quarters length, of a lady past middle age, with a sweet and refined face. The hair is slightly grey, the pearly tones of the flesh and the grey silk dress harmonize perfectly with the dull red background.

A very charming glimpse of Holland has just been given us by Mr. George Hitchcock in his twenty-six pictures exhibited-in a quiet little gallery belonging to one of the Fifth-avenue art dealers. Only a step from the "madding crowd," one found himself in the midst of gay tulip gardens and hyacinth beds, or the eye wandered over the great stretch of duil green lowlands to the old grey wind-mill with arms outstretched to the sullen sky. One must reverence his Madonna of the stolid Dutch type, in quaint Dutch costume, quite as much as the ideal Madonnas of the old Italian masters. Her simplicity, seriousness, wonder, love and quiet trust are admirable. But the surprise is that Mr. Hitchcook finds time to paint even tulip gardens and Madonnas, with his beautiful wife at hand. At a little reception given her by the Women's Art-Club recently she was Like sunshine in a shady place, Tall, and slender, and fair, and straight, Like the piliar that stands at the beautiful gate.

All of Mr. H.'s pictures sold at excelient prices, while Charles Warren Eaton's exhibition closed without the sale of one pic-ture, though \$1,100 had been expended on

The great sale of the season has been Knoedler's, Goupil's successor, Five hundred pictures brought nearly \$500,000. It dred pictures brought nearly \$500,000. It was a curious conglomeration of art, including many of the Barbizon school and many of every school and of no school at all, which had been in the stock for twenty-five years. The secret of the success of this sale may be explained by a remark of a millionaire, made recently: "I would rather pay \$15,000 for a foreign picture than have an American picture as a gift." Loyalty, that!

A strong movement is being made for the establishment of a municipal art league by establishment of a municipal art league by a number of artists, architects and sculptors. The object is "to provide adequate pictorial and sculptural decorations for the public buildings and parks of New York."

It is expected to have a membership of two thousand, who shall pay an annual fee of \$5. This, with gifts from those interested in the project, shall constitute a fund to be expended in mural decorations, statues, etc., competitive designs having been submitted. Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield read a delightful paper on the subject to a large company of ladies (artists), at Rosina Emcompany of ladies (artists), at Rosina Emmett Sherwood's studio. He called attention to the fact that many of the towns of Europe would be utterly dead without the works of art which attract visitors from the whole civilized world. Their paintings and sculpture take the place of trade and mannfacture in drawing wealth. Mr. B. said he had "gone direct from Florence and Venice to Chicago, and it seemed beautiful after those mest beautiful cities." He, with other members of the league called on Mayor Gilroy and were well received, the Mayor promising to do all in his power to

further the cause. The Art Students' League has sent & collection of work done in the school to Chicago. J. Alden Wier, instructor of one of the afternoon painting classes, went to the league one morning to look over and select work to represent his class. When the work without getting caught at it, so to speak. If I were to go every time my presence is requested, a path would be worn in the sidewalk between here and day and hour, to give his criticism. Imagine his astonishment on throwing open the door to find the room full (twenty-five or more when his class book shows an average of only six or eight pupils.

"How does it happen so many are here?" he inquired severely. "There are always more on criticism and arrange the year's programme. Shall "You many! too many!" he said under his probably be out late. Don't stay up for breath; "I'll weed them out." He seewled

at a young lady who dared sketch in the head with a few touches of the brush, rather than carefully with charcoal, as she had been instructed to do. Then, sgain, he saw bold, reckless dashes of color across the background, "Miserabile visu!" Just as he was about to pour forth his wrath, the utter strangeness of the whole scene struck him. With sudden consternation he asked, "Is not this my room? Whose class is this?"

"Mr. Chase's class-Tuesday morning" (instead of Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Wier's time), came with shouts of laughter. Mr. W. stood not upon the order of his going, but went, stopping in the office only long enough to say, "My! but I got myself into a hornet's nest up in Mr. Chase's class."

The league has just closed its most pros-perous year. The total receipts were \$56,-284.83, against \$37,700.12 last year; 1,124 students have been admitted, an increase of 114. The corps of employes has been greatly enlarged in the new building. wages have been increased throughout and class dues reduced, potwithstanding which Nothing succeeds like success.

Susan M. Ketcham.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

A Dream of July. As under the shade of the linden tree I lay on a carpet of moss adoze, I heard, like the song of the distant sea, A music that dreamily sank and rose. "Tis only the wind in the wheat," I said, "A melody fitting my mood full well." And, smiling, I turned on tay soft, green bed, And yielded my soul to its drowsy spell.

'Twas only the dream of a summer day, That languidly over my senses stole, Yet fairer than language can e'er portray, Till soul can interpret the voice of soul. A vision whose telling would needs demand The glad, the ineffable speech of sight, That sunbeams and roses can understand, When they talk to each other in bloom and

light. In days of the past I had lingered long. Cool-lapt in the shade of the linden tree. And julled by the drone of a low, sweet song, But form of the singers I ne'er could see. The wind fairles carol, the soul replies, But mortals shall look for the elves in vain, That peer to their home in the bending grain.

But now, as I looked through my drooping lids, I saw them go flitting and dancing by; And some were in green, like the katydids, With tremulous wings, like the dragonfy; And some were in tunies of gauze, brown-black,

Like new-winged cicadas, when first they And some, like the crickets, were dressed in

With cowls, like the monks of olden time. And some, like the spiders, sat peering out From airy white tents, that were gemmed with

And some, like the grasshoppers, skipped about With a chatter of goesip and much ado; And some, like the butterflies, vain and glad, Wore mantles of velvet, all laced with gold; And some, like beetles, were armor-clad. With visor and helmet, like knights of old. With sound as of bells in the distance chimed,

And sweet as the music of failing rain, They rustled the blades as they chasing climbed To peer in the cups of the milk-white grain. They lifted the covers of bearded chaff, And parted their fringe of golden brown, And merrily riding with shout and laugh, They teetered the bending stalks up and down.

They flew where the cockle in thriftless grace Was flaunting its purple-red bloom about; They saucily laughed in the sunflower's face, And chased through the trumpet vines, in and They plundered the rose of its rich perfume,

And sowed it abroad to the vagrant breeze; They tilted the cups of the clover bloom, And squandered the store of the bumble bees. They swam in the waves of the tossing wheat,

Like mermen that sport in a summer sea; They found the white eggs in the quail's retreat. And circled the nest in their dancing glee. They swung the loops of the cobweb swings, Like blossoms afloat in the fragrant air; They flashed through the sunlight on restless

And puffed the white thistledown here and

And whether at work or at play, they sang: "All hail to the son of the queenly June! His spear in the ranks of the green corn sprang; His shield is the disk of the harvest moon; His belinet is plumed with the golden wheat; His quiver is filled with the bearded rye; And sandals of pienty have shod the feet Of him who is coming-the brave July.

"The reapers shall laugh in the ripened grain; The maids shall be merry and doubly fair; And slowly the wheels of the loaded wain Shall turn, as they groan with the wealth they

And Earth shall be glad in her thankfulness, And bending alow as he passes by, Her lips shall she lay to his feet and bless The King of the Harvest-the brave July."

Twas this that I heard as I lay adoze, Where mosses grew under the linden snade: Twas this that I saw where the tall grain rose, All billowed with motion of beard and blade. "Twas only the wind in the wheat," you say. And laugh at it-you who are wide awake, But Fancy my lashes had kissed that day, And I shall remember for Fancy's sake.

GREENFIELD, Ind. Corinna's Moods. When Corinna, blithely bland, Talks of gear and gowns,

And I don't try to understand, Then-Corinna frowns. When Corinna, in her ire, To quarrel with me tries,

I laugh and baille her desire; Then-Corinna cries. When Corinna calls me Sir-Writes with winning wiles-

And dov/n from town I haste to her. Then-Corinna smiles. When Corinna hears my plea,

Or sees it in my eyes, That will be true love to me. Then-Corinna flies. So frowns she first, but what care If She smiles ere all is done:

When she from me forgets to fly, Then-Corinna's won! -Frank Preston Smart. BELLEVILLE, W. Va.

An Empty Nest. My songs are sung. With broken wing, I sit beside an empty nest, Wherein the promise of the spring Once fluttered at my breast.

And from my mate no flute-like note Awakes me at the breaking day; The joyous song within his throat Has died like hope away. The summer days go dully by.

From happier roof-trees comes the call Of helpless babes, to mothers night Whose brooding wings soft fall. These tender things, another spring. Shall fill with cooing life the home.

Whereby their proud mates sit and sing Their joy beneath heaven's dome. But not for me. My songs are sung. From wee each bitterest drop has wring. There are no songs above an empty nest. -Boston Transcript.

The Fourth of July. Let be the berds and what the harvest brings; Give to oblivion all that's sold and bought, The count of unrememberable things;-Our better birthright is this day's report! Live our sires in us: Acep we their old skill To know Occasion's whisper and be great! Can our proud blood in one contagious thrill Put admiration in the eyes of Fatel Wide is our realm, the twin seas feel our yoke, Aye, and the oarless ocean of the North; -Are we then mightier than that scattered folk, That fringe of clingers by the sea-beach froth Whose loins begat us? Let to-morrow show If their stern arts bereditary grow.

-Charles Leenard Moore, in the Forum. "ADMIRAL." The tobacco and paper contained in this brand costs more than any other cigarette.
"Admiral" is not controlled by the trust. The New York Store. [Established 1853.]

The New York Store. [Established 1853.]

The New York Store. [Established 1853.]

Invoicing tells the old, old story. Goods put away on back shelves and forgotten, or only half remembered. Invoice-rummaging brings them to light. Brings losses to us-gains to you. The losses will be bigger for us if the sales are not quick. Such prices as we have put should fill the store all day to-morrow and empty the bargain spots by evening.

## Fine Wash Goods

"Japonette" is one of the prettiest and most stylish fabrics we have had this year. It is in the nature of a gingham, but the designs are all new and the effects entirely distinct. Its popularity here, as in the Men's Wear East, has been phenomenal. Our enthusiastic admiration & East Aisle. I for it carried us a little too far and we find we're overstocked. The price goes to 8 19c a yard, last week it was 25c and before that 29c.

Black and white fine Organdies reduced from 39c to

All our light ground halfwool Challies reduced to 15c a yard.

Prints

123c.

we have had this season. I shirt and bath robe and They come at 12½c a yard make the coolest lounging in a big variety of beauti- & suit imaginable. ful designs.

Batiste, sheer and fine, in and 50c quality for 19c. black grounds and white

Black Goods

Just 405 yards of different fancy weaves of Priestley goods. The regular price was \$1.25, now you may have them at 69c.

## Dress Goods

West Aisle.

Navy blue Storm Serges and English Cravenettes Underwear from 49c to \$2 a yard.

prices.

### **Silks**

Center Bargain Table.

50 pieces black and white Surahs, in a variety of plaids and checks, very stylish and honestly worth \$1 a yard any place in the country, will be offered on Monday at 49c a yard.

17 dozen Suspenders at & Hosiery

An odd lot of Men's Belts, in canvas and silk, at 19c

91 dozen Men's Medium Weight Merino Drawers at 33c a pair, reduced from 50c. Men's Gingham Coats at

19c each, marked down & from 50c. Men's White Duck Vests

at 25c each, original price "Pajamas," two pieces good at 9c a pair. Good patterns in Louisi- finest quality Madras cloth, anes at 64c, reduced from just the thing for summer comfort, reduced from \$3.50 made, regular 25c quality. Swiss Brocade is one of and \$4.50 to 98c each. They Shoes the prettiest and best things take the place of a night

Odds and ends in Teck A few pieces of imported and Four-in-Hand Ties, 35c

Men's percale front launfigures at 15c a yard; worth & dered Shirts at 69c, reduced & from \$1.

cale Shirts, with two collars and cuffs, regular \$1.50 \$ goods for 89c.

Men's Outing Flannel Shirts, 36 inches long, made with yoke back, at 29c each; were 50c. They are slightly \$2.50; worth \$3.50 as others soiled.

18 dozen Men's Gauze Undershirts at 25c each, reduced from 35c.

A special offer is a 50-8 Children's Jersey ribbed worth \$1.75. inch navy blue Storm Serge shaped Vest, tape neck and Boys' serviceable Shoes at \$1 a yard, worth \$1.25. arms, at 10c each; reduced in black and tan, all sizes,

of genuine Reade Lans- sey ribbed Vest, color war- sold elsewhere at \$1.25 to downe at greatly reduced granted fast, at 15c each, re- \$\$3.50. duced from 25c.

Ladies' shaped Vests at

Ladies' French lisle thread Jersey ribbed Vests, high neck, no sleeves, at 29ceach, reduced from 50c.

Ladies' lisle thread Pants, knee length, shaped waist band, at 39c, reduced from

An odd lot of Ladies' Combination Suits at 39c.

Ladies' fast black seamless Hose at 9c a pair.

Odds and ends of children's black Hose, some ribbed and some plain, at 10ca pair; reduced from 25c.

One lot Ladies' fancy stripped Cotton Hose, full regular made, at 17c a pair; reduced from 25c.

Another lot not quite so

Ladies' Balbriggan hose at 15c a pair, full regular

Ladies' Tan Russia Calf Blucher Lace at \$2.29, a Spositive saving to you of 71c, marked down from \$3. A serviceable shoe appropriate for hot weather.

Ladies' Southern Oxford Ties, very stylish and easy An odd lot of fancy Per for tender feet, \$1.50; worth

Try a pair of our Philadelphia Toe Oxfords, hand turned, made in fine vici kid, just the thing to wear to the world's fair, price

sell them. Ladies' hand-turned Tan Oxfords, opera cut and Bluchers for \$1.50; worth \$2.

Ladies' square toe, white canvas Oxfords, very stylish with light dresses, at \$1.35;

A clearing up of short from 19c. every pair warranted, price lengths (under five yards) Ladies' black cotton Jer- from 98c to \$2.50; regularly

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO. 

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

Indianapolis Union Station.

TICKET OFFICES at Station and at corner Illinois and
Washington Streets.
TRAINS BUN AS FOLLOWS:
\*Daily. † Daily, except Sunday. Columbus, Ind., and Louisville \*3.55 am \*12.15 am Philadelphia and New York... \*5.00 am \*10.15 pm Baltimore and Washington... \*5.00 am \*10.15 pm Dayton and Springfield... \*5.00 am \*10.15 pm Richmond and Columbus, O... \*18.00 am \*13.20 pm Martinsville and Vincennes... \*8.00 am \*5.15 pm Madison and Louisville... \*18.05 am \*5.50 pm Dayton and Columbus... \*11.45 am \*7.55 am Logansport and Chicago... \*11.50 am \*1.00 pm Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*1.20 pm \*11.40 am Philadelphia and New York... \*3.00 pm \*12.50 pm Baltimore and Washington... \*3.00 pm \*12.50 pm Knightstown and Richmond... \*4.00 pm \*10.15 am Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*4.00 pm \*10.15 am Logansport and Chicago... \*4.00 pm \*9.40 pm North Vernon and Madison... \*4.00 pm \*10.15 am Pittsburg and East... \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am Pittsburg and East... \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am Pittsburg and East... \*5.30 pm \*11.40 am Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. \*9.45 pm \*3.50 pm Logansport and Chicago... \*12.30 am \*3.45 am SHORTEST ROUTE

VANDALIA LINE SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST. From Indianapolis Union Station Trains leave for St. Louis 7:30 am., 11:50 am., 1:00 pm., 11:00 pm. Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on 11:00 p. m. train. Trains arrive from St. Louis 3:30 am., 4:50 am., 2:50 pm., 5:20 pm., 7:45 pm.

Terre Haute and Greencastle accommodation arrives at 10:00 am., and leaves at 4:00 pm.

Sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through trains. Dining Car on trains 20 and 21.

MUNCIE

POPULATION Jan. 1, 1887, about...... 6,000 Jan. 1, 1890, about..... 10,700 Jan. 1, 1893, about...... 19,786 Jan. 1, 1894, will be...... 35,000 The future metropolis of the Great Natural Gas Belt of Indiana, 60x40 miles; every acre productive and backed by 42,000 square miles of coal. Destined to become the greatest manufacturing district of the United States. For

particulars address THE WHITELY LAND CO., Muncie, Ind. Mention this paper.

Carriages, Surreys,

Traps and Buggies.

Just received, the most elegant and fashionable styles of TRAPS and Carriage Novelties ever shown in the West. Popular prices to all. A trip through our great Repository will pay you. Come and see.



# H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO

Nos. 27 to 33 North Tennessee St.

Want Filler 5 Cents a Line. SPECIAL COUPON

If you want a Situation, Good Servant, a Faithful Clerk, a Desirable Boarding Place, or prompt-pay Lodgers, write just what you want, plainly, in the blanks below. Cut this out, and send stamps or silver at FIVE CENTS FOR SIX WORDS, to THE JOURNAL, Indianapolis. Nothing less than 10 cents.

DUBBER HOSE, LAWN SPRINKLERS and HOSE REELS. First quality goods and low prices.

The Weekly Journal, \$1 Per Annum LILLY & STALNAKER, 64 East Washington St